

T H E
BELIEVER'S DOWRY.

OR, A

P O E M

Upon *Isa: 54. 5. Thy Maker
is thy Husband.*

Directed unto, and for the Comfort of all that know
any thing of an UNION betwixt Christ and their
Souls. Containing many hints at the Excellency
and Fulness of Christ the Believer's Husband, and
at the Glorious Priviledges of all that are really
Espoused and United unto Christ.

2 Cor. 11. 2. I have espoused thee to one Husband.

The Author is one who seeks the Prayers of the
Godly Reader.



E D I N B U R G H.

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INTRODUCTION.

MY Soul make hast thou art not mine,
Thy Honor dwells above,
Yeild to the LORD thy last propine,
And praise Eternal Love.

LORD if I sit not at the Feast,
Since yet I am not able,
Relieve me with the Crums at least,
That's falling from thy Table.

Oh! Could I once from sinning cease,
And wait on *Pizgah*-Hill,
Until I saw Thy blessed Face,
Then might my Soul be still.

But since I know it cannot be,
But Sin must in me dwell;
Lord let my Spirit long for Thee,
For absence is a Hell.



PREFACE

Containing some hint at the way of the
Believer's being Divorc't from his first
Husband and Married to CHRIST.

INnocent Adam by his Works did live,
His perfect Righteousness did safety give,
GOD's Covenant with Man at first reveil'd,
Perfection sought, Man could perfection yeild:
But now Man can't be sav'd, since his Defection
By legal Works, else where must sick perfection.
Christ our last Adam Man with Pitty saw,
GOD's Wrath appeas'd, fulfil'd the broken Law,
Brings in a lasting, perfect Righteousness,
Man's Life did buy, his Miseries Redress:
So all that lippen to his perfect merit,
Are free'd from Death, and lasting Life inherit;
Thus Christ who is Faith's ender and beginner,
Reveals himself a Husband to the Sinner.
Tho here's a Rock where hope may safely Anchor
Proud Man doth alter his first lover hanker,
The Primar' Husband of all Adam's race
Is still the Law, while unacquaint with Grace.
We think the fall has not spoilt all our beauty,
We'll merit something if we do our duty:
Thus with our Works and Wishes make a Tryst,
To save our selves, or part the work with Christ.
Nature shuns Hell, takes Heav'n by legal strife,
But ah! This way fall'n Man can ne'er get Life,
And none can be espous'd to Christ till forc't

THE PREFACE, &c.

To quite this Husband, and to be divorc'd;
Which is, when deep convictions down do shower,
And when the Law comes with condemning power:
GOD in his time and way this wound must heal,
But Man must see the Law can ne'er a vail
He had (perhaps) been working to his strength,
But seeing't vain, he turn'd himself at length,
Hearing of Christ, is course is (may be) this,
He'll do his best, trust Christ for what's amiss,
When Sin o'recomes he'll to's Repentance fall,
Not willing he should come to Christ for all.
But now he sees his tears and all is nought,
For Heav'n he can't command a valid thought,
No dutys now his expectations chirrish,
With backwardness he sees by Law he'll perish,
Then GOD doth heal th'averse and backward carriage,
Lightning the eyes t' affect a better Marriage.
The Covenant of Grace is the Contract,
He see's in Christ supply for all he lackt.
The Souls flight here by Faith's the marriage Union,
Faith works by love, love seeks a near Communion:
And therefore love draws out the Spirit wholly
To be content with Christ, and pleased fully.
To him it doth resign, to him accord,
As its best Husband, and its only Lord.
Then Christ doth make the Soul his Habitation,
It rests in him, and hence sweet Consolation,
Full peace, like that, that's in the higher story,
Even joy unspeakable and full of Glory.

THE

Believer's DOWRY

I

CHrist is the Husband, Saints the Bride,
Her will he sweetly bow's,
To 'gree, and faith I'll still abide,
Thy Husband, thou my Spouse.

2

By nature like fall'n *Adam's* race,
She's black to look upon her,
By Grace his beauty makes her fair,
Thy Husband is thy honour,

3

Altho' thou art deform'd and vile,
Defil'd in ev'ry duty,
His merit makes thy prayers pure,
Thy Husband is thy beauty.

4

Thy many Sins, thy horrid Guilt,
makes Justice much require;
Yet fear thou not, tho drown'd in Debt,
The Husband is the Payer.

5

O read his love while Justice doth,
Men for their Sins Arrest.
Yet lo he dies and thee he frees,
Thy Husband is thy Priest.

6 See

((26))

See love from hence, while ignorance
Sends some alive to *Tophet*;
Thou'rt taught by Grace, to seek his face
Thy Husband is thy Prophet.

7

To his will he doth thine subject,
And sweetly Captive bring,
Thy Sin subdues, his Throne erect.
Thy Husband is thy King.

8

He'll Conquer all thine Enemies
Untill thou fight no longer,
Satan the strong man is, but yet
Thy Husband is the stronger.

9

Tho secret Sin make groans within,
And oft thou'rt like to yeild,
Tho foes molest, yet do their best,
Thy Husband gains the field.

10

Wants thou a light in darkest night,
Are thy steps like to slide,
Lean to his skill, renounce thy will.
Thy Husband is thy guide.

11

In doubts resign thy self to him,
He never counsel'd wrong,
Fear not thy Saviour's wise in heart,
Thy Husband's arm is strong.

12 Art

Art thou diseased at the Heart,
 Or in a weak condition,
 Look not to creatures here's thy help,
 Thy Husband's thy Physician.

Perhaps thou must have bitter Droggs,
 But do'nt repine as willful,
 He see's thy sore, and knows thy cure,
 Thy Husband's very skilful.

His wounding still doth tend to heal,
 Ther's mercy in a frown;
 He quickens when he seems to kill,
 Thy Husband's lov's unknown.

No cure e'er marred in his hand,
 All Saints can bear him witness,
 Tho's hand be sore, his heart is kind,
 Thy Husband's foure hath sweetness.

He hath designs of love in all,
 His bowels to the move,
 And thou at last shalt see and say
 Thy Husband's full of love.

To wound or heal, to frown or smile,
 It's love him still ingadges.

(8)
He cureth best, but seeketh least,
Thy Husband takes no wadges.

18
Thou hast no worth that thou thereby
May'st any good inherit,
But lo! he pleads his Righteousness,
Thy Husbands full of merit.

19
No cause e'er in his hand misgave,
So strong his pleading is,
For so the Father will's; because,
Thy Husband's will is his.

20
Tho Conscience, Justice, and the Law,
Against the do combine,
Christ is the Lord the Righteousness,
Thy Husbands cause is thine.

21
Art thou oft times confus'd and dark,
Scarce hast the Stars by night,
Tho thou be darkness in thy self,
Thy Husband is thy light.

22
Still lippen thou for good from GOD,
Altho thine eyes should fail,
Cry and at length, if not thy self,
Thy Husband shall prevail.

23

Art thou so weak oft times to fear,
 That *Saul* shall find thee't length,
 Tho thou be weakness in thy self,
 Thy Husband is thy strength.

24

Lean to his Pow'r, renounce thy own,
 Then dangers thou may't mock (beat
 Feirce winds may blow, proud waves may
 Thy Husband is thy rock.

25

Thou can do all, through Christ who helps,
 Thus thou'rt Omnipotent,
 To do all, give all unto thee,
 Thy Husband is content.

26

Then art thou oft inlightened,
 And stablisht as a Mountain.
 Rejoice not in the Streams, but in
 Thy Husband he's the founttain.

27

Art thou oft dead, and wishest then
 That Gales from Heav'n were rise,
 When thou art dead, rejoice in this,
 Thy Husband is thy life.

28

But can't you look, nay not desire
 Oh that's a dismal hour!

Yet

Yet as you can, cry, waiting for,
Thy Husband's day of pow'r

29

Tell him Sin makes his absence just,
But yet love can't delay,
Thy want, his Promise, all affirm
Thy Husband must not stay.

30

Because he lives even so shalt thou
Thou mad'st him thy refuge,
And when he comes thou's joy because
Thy Husband shall be judge.

31

Why should short troubles thee annoy,
Eith'r inward or External,
Life then for ay thou shalt enjoy,
Thy Husband is Eternal.

32

He was to make thee of his Love,
The everlasting object,
Nail'd on a Cross. and to the Law
Thy Husband was made subject.

33

Thy Sins he nailed to his Cross,
His wound this vertue hath,
For that thy heart might die to Sin,
Thy Husband suffered death.

34

By *Achor's* Vale, to *Glory's* Land,
Through Faith he'll give protection.
Thou'rt rais'd from Death, to sharest of
Thy Husband's Resurrection.

35

Thus out of nought, to life thou'rt brought
But in a wondrous fashion,
His sorrow founds thy joy, thy peace,
Thy Husband bought with Passion.

36

Full breasts of comfort now he gives,
Like to a kindly Nurse :
But err such lasting blest was gain'd
Thy Husband was a Curse.

37

T'wixt thee and Divine wrath he slept,
As at the ruin sorry,
This day man all thy honour gain'd,
Thy Husband is thy Glory.

38

Compleat Redemption is obtain'd
By his Humiliation,
Thy Freedom lost, him dearly cost,
Thy Husband's thy Salvation.

39

What under or above the Heav'ns
(Dear Soul) won't he impart,
That's

That's for thy good, he gave his blood,
Thy Husband gave his heart.

40

And now Earth's fruit, and Heaven's dew
He'll give who first did choofe thee,
Complaints let fall, Heav'n, Earth and all,
Thy Husband won't refuse thee.

41

Yea now thou puts Christ Jesus on,
Oh wonderful preferment !
Heav'n's do admire, thy rich attire,
Thy Husband is thy garment.

42

Thou art all Glorious within,
Imbordered with Gold,
This Garment's worth, the Glory of
Thy Husband can't be told.

43

From Summer's Sun, from Winters cold,
Thy Rob doth hide thee over.
From heat of day, from cool of night,
Thy Husband doth thee cover.

44

Thy Garment never waxing old,
Shall enter Heav'n more white,
To wear't ay, in presence of
Thy Husband with delight.

45

Christ is the Peral inricheth thee,
Even to the highest pitch :

The Gold of *Ophir* cannot make,
Thy Husband makes thee rich.

46

Some flying gain's, do seek by pains,
And others by extortion.

Such treasure fades, but thine abides
Thy Husband is thy portion.

47

Thou'rt not put off with common things,
Or dung of earthly pelf,

He gives the more than Heav'n or Earth,
Thy Husband gives himself.

48

Thy dayly food may make thee have
The countenance of *Hannah*.

Thou lives upon the bread of Life,
Thy Husband is the Manna.

49

What canst thou seek, what can he give
He gives his flesh and blood,

Let Angels wonder, Saints admire,
Thy Husband is thy food.

50

That thou through strength of this to go
Through *Jordans* may it be able,

And

And tryals great till thou be at
Thy Husband's upper Table.

51

Where drops which now you have are turn'd
To Oceans always new,
To drink thy fill, and face to face
Thy Husband ever view.

52

Yet ah (thou says) this tiding's sweet,
But what is that to me,
Thou doubt's if e'er he lov'd thee, When
Thy Husband hides from thee.

53

Thy mountain's weak this makes the shake
And trembling fear he smite thee,
Yet fear no wrong, thy party's strong,
Thy Husband will not quite thee,

54

Thou'rt often dark, and seldom light.
Thou'rt full of Ins and Outs,
When thou'rt unclear, yet do not fear,
Thy Husband loves no doubts.

55

Oft says thou, Oh to see him mine !
Oh if this light were sent me !
Tho wants abound, and woes surround,
My Husband would content me.

56 Thus

56

Thus to thy smart thy doubting heart
Of pleas is still advancer.

To stop this task, hear what I ask,
Thy Husband bids thee answer.

57

Art thou content when he's away,
Can Earth allay thy pants,
If Conscience speak, will it not say
Thy Husband's all thou wants?

58

When he is present with his aid,
And thee with comfort feeds,
Dost thou not count the Earth as dung,
Thy Husband all thou needs?

59

In duty's art thou pleas'd or pain'd
When he no comfort speaks,
He bids away, but can't thou say
Thy Husband's all thou seeks?

60

Art thou not made to see that all
Thy righteousness is non,
So hastening thine, seek'st his, because
Thy Husband is thy own.

61

Mind's thou the day, that thou can say,
Thou gift thy self with sweetness,
Unto

(16)
Unto *Jehovah* as thy all
Thy Husband was thy witness?

62
Found'st thou a rest thou can't expre'st,
When once thou mad'st this choice,
Thy heart was pleas'd thy conscience eas'd
Thy Husband gave his voice?

63
For GOD in him did see no Sin,
Nor spot in thee at all,
His blood redeem'd, his spirit drew,
Thy Husband worketh all.

64
Lean'st thou on him for grace and glore,
Yea help to make thee lean,
For Faith's his work, its not thy pow'r,
Thy Husband knows thou'rt mein?

65
Seek thou his Spirit for thy guide,
Through *Baca's* weary valey,
Still digging well's and living on
Thy Husband's treasure daily?

66
Sin works in thee, but dost thou see
Thy very Soul regrates it?
This makes the groan and weep alone,
Thy Husband knows thou hates it.

67 Doth

67

Doth Love to him imbitter Sin;
 Make the abhorre its charms
 And loath'st it most, while as thou hast
 Thy Husband in thy Arms?

68

Doth not a Pardon melt thy heart,
 And make thy Sin more bitter,
 And Joy thee fills, when Sin he kills,
 Thy Husband's ay the sweeter?

69

Hast thou a hatred to his foes,
 Let Conscience answer plain?
 Lov'st thou his Saints, and dare thou say
 Thy Husband's friends are thine?

70

Lov'st thou their walk, lov'st thou their talk
 Not *Asbdod* like but pleasant,
 Dost favour best while they have most,
 Thy Husband with them present?

71

Whom in the Heaven or in the Earth
 Dost thou poor Soul desire,
 Is not thy spark of Love unto
 Thy Husband set on fire?

72

Where goes thou first when in a strait,
 When foes make sad irruptions,
 Flee'st thou to him? O happy gate,
 Thy Husband kills Corruptions.

B

73 Lov'st

73

Lov'st thou his great appearing day,
 Long'st for that higher Story,
 Where pleasure run, and of the place
 Thy Husband is the Glory?

74

Lov'st thou the dwelling of his house,
 Where doth his honour dwell?
 His Tabernacles if thou does
 Thy Husband loves thee well.

75

Seek'st thou his counsel in the dark,
 And canst do nought without him?
 Both strength to save, and wit to giude
 Thy Husband hath about him.

76

Now canst thou answer all I askt?
 Then Soul fall to and praise,
 Him that thee counsel'd first, for he
 Thy Husband is always,

77

But may be yet, thou darst not say
 Thou hast the firm impression,
 Of all these happy marks, yet stay,
 Thy Husband hath compassion.

78

Altho' thy darkness warrs thy light,
 Thy Storms above thy Calms,
 Day yeild to night; and thou be poor,
 Thy Husband yet hath alms. Sect

Seest thou thou'rt empty, Christ is full
 Feel'st thou his drawing strength,
 Refreshing thee some times? O wait
 Thy Husband comes at length.

Do Visits from him make thee see,
 He's precious thou art vile,
 So that thou think'st God's hand with thee,
 Thy Husband seems to smile.

Dost thou regrave thou comes so short,
 And still to this aspires?
 Ther's hope in *Israel* for thee,
 Thy Husband thou desires.

Why doubts thou of his love, and yet
 Thou wouldst not with him part,
 For Thousand Thousand Earths of Gold,
 Thy Husband hath thy heart.

Thou Darknes, Deadnes, Unbelief,
 Do all thy Soul Surround;
 More light, more life, more faith are in
 Thy Husband to be found.

Thy wants he sees, thy crys he hears,
 To help he's alway's ready,
 He can do all. Yea mind thou what,
 Thy Husband's done already. Mind

Mind where he sweetly visit you,
 Whiles in the Land of *Hermon*,
 Whiles in a corner, whiles thou saw
 Thy Husband at a Sermon.

At *Jordan's* Land he got thy hand, -
 Mind from the hill of *Mizar*,
 He Seal'd, and thou could Seal'd, he was
 Thy Husband with great pleasure.

More life in Sin was bitter then
 Thou could not then thought death-ill,
 Keep these in mind, thou'lt ever find,
 Thy Husband's GOD of *Bethel*.

Tho Sin and Satan, Earth and Hell
 Would of thy Joy bereave thee.
 He can't renunce, what he said once,
 Thy Husband will not leave thee.

Tho Foes assail, and friend do fail,
 Thou hast a good Relation,
 The gates of Hell cannot prevail,
 Thy Husband's thy foundation.

Why doth a loss, or litle cross
 Fret thee, or make the wrathful,
 By unbelief departs thou from,
 Thy Husband that's so faithful. Take

Take well howe'er his wisdom doth⁹¹
 Thy present lot dispose,
 Rejoice in this, Tho Heav'n should break
 Thy Husband cannot lose.

Fire can't thee burn, nor Waters drown,⁹²
 Thou hast his Vow and Oath.
 And dares thou think he'll break his word,
 Thy Husband will be loath.

Tho thou depart, and Sins be great,⁹³
 His Word he'll never rew.
 Tho Earth do quake, and Heav'n do shake,
 Thy Husband will be trew.

He never, never will thee leave,⁹⁴
 If Truth hath said the Word,
 While Truth is Truth, this word is true,
 Thy Husband is the LORD.

Thy Words thou'st broke a Thousand times⁹⁵
 So fear'st he loves not thee,
 But Thousand, Thousand sins can't make
 Thy Husband once to lee.

If thou depart, thou mayest smart,⁹⁶
 To let thee see his folly,
 By falls he makes thee seek him more,
 Thy Husband's Wife and Holy. Yet

97

Yet think not that he's chang'd in love,
When thou art chain'd in frame,
Altho thou change a Thousand times,
Thy Husband's ay the same.

98

To thee by Oath himself betroath
He did, here comfort gather,
He thee adopt, he made the Heir,
Thy Husband is thy Father.

99

Thou needst not fear, tho Death appear,
And *Jordan* thick and broad,
Thy Son will lead, thy shield will keep,
Thy Husband is thy GOD.

100

He'll lead thee safe, and bring thee home,
And ay give prest down measure:
Even Grace while here, and Glory there
Thy Husband is thy Treasure.

101

What can thou, dare thou say thou lack
Thou hast both Food and Cloathing.
Be at his will, thous have thy fill,
Thy Husband wants for nothing.

102

Of Light and Life, of Grace and Glore,
Thou art in him partaker.
Rejoice in him for evermore,
Thy Husband is thy maker.

103

He made thee, nay, he made thee his,
 Not values thy Miscarriage,
 He'll ever bide, to what he made,
 Thy Husband made the Marriage.

104

He made all, yea he made all thine,
 All to thee shall be given,
 Who can thy Kingdom from thee hold,
 Thy Husband made the Heav'n.

105

No noxious thing on Earth can hurt;
 He made the Earth to be,
 The Waters cannot thee destroy,
 Thy Husband made the Sea.

106

Fear not the Tophet of the Damn'd,
 Thou never there shall dwell,
 No Spirit from the Pit can hurt,
 Thy Husband formed Hell.

107

What can thee harm, what dost thou fear,
 All things are at his call.
 What do'st thou seek, what do'st thou want,
 Thy Husband's All in All.

108

This Love to thee came from on high,
 The Father did contrive it,
 The Holy Spirit sealed the same,
 Thy Husband bought and gave it.

All parties 'gree, the knot to tye,
 What can make this a loof-band.
 It's sure for ay, if once he say,
Thy Maker is thy Husband.

CONCLUSION

IF Christ be thine, I may decline
 That Pen, that Heart is bold,
 Half of his worth that would shew forth,
 Thy Treasure can't be told.

Ten Thousand Tribes of witty Scribes,
 To tell't would fall in Ditches :
 No Pen can write, no Heart can dite,
 The thousand of thy Riches.

My Soul aspire to th' Heavenly Quire.
 Where Hallelujahs Reign.
 For ay to raise Immortal Praise
 To this Immortal King.

FINIS.

